HAWKINS, COWEN & BUSKETT. 943 D STREET NORTHWEST.

WASHINGTON, D. C. THE SUNDAY CRITIC. THE EVENING CRITIC.

Single Copy. 2 Cents
By Carrier, per month. 35 Cents
By mail, postage paid, one year. \$5.00
By mail, postage paid, six months 5.00
By Mail, postage paid, per month 30 Cents
Mail postage paid, per month 30 Cents Mail subscriptions invariably in advance. Address

THE CRITIC.

WASHINGTON, JANUARY 27, 1890

TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS. Albaugh's, Fifteenth and E streets-Fanny Davenport in "La Tosca."

Fourteenth street-Francis Wilson in "The Bijou, Ninth street and Louisiana avenoe-"The Fakir." Kernan's, Eleventh and C streets-Rentz

National, Pennsylvania avenue, near

Santley Burlesque Company. 6llobe, Pennsylvania avenue, near Eleventh street--Variety.

A CHANGE.

Whatever reputation, glorious or etherwise, the Capital-Critic has earned in the past should go into retirement with those who formerly directed it. To-day its organism, notives, ambitions are new. It is yoked to no particular interest, to no official set; to no private scheme. It is the champion of no party, the spokesman of no politician, the omnibus of no prometer. It will try to say good of the good and need never be expected to spare the bad. It will assail public men, without malice, and defend them. without devotion. It will strive to be frank and honest with everyone, and, as an earnest of this endeavor, opens its column to the complaints and retaliations of all.

It shall not be without convictions. It thinks the only honorable imbecility of the period is the passion of legislators to live and act for constituencies alone. It has an abstract admiration fer equal rights and will often have occasion to show how rarely they are in reality enjoyed. It knows that to practical government equality is a spiritual item; that fraternity cannot be enforced by law any more than morality, and that a vivid sense of paternity in the administration of public affairs is just as necessary to the honesty and welfare of a democracy as it is to the virtue and happiness of the family upon which that democracy is founded. It regards the fear of centralization as a phantom, and deprecates Mr. Dana as the most amiable metaphysician of his country. It sees that political parties are only new forms of hostile armies, whose passions are too often tricked by leaders covetous of fame and power. It dares to hold, though they know it not themselves, that all Democrats are true Republicans as all Republicans are true Democrats, and will urge both to rise above platitudes, jealousies, platforms, and particular concern for foreign-born citizens, till all are become view the higher destiny of the nation. The tendency of the politician to be a demagogue when poor and a corruptionist when rich it regrets, and every Clodius and Crassus of the time it hopes to chasten with some printer's

It believes that forced mental improvement rather than freely-peddled franchises is to form the buckler of the republic, and thinks that sincere men of limited knowledge and one idea like Calvin and Senator Blair are truly great. It believes that the race problem, begun in the injustice of slavery, made bigger by war and then muddled by the mockery of civil rights, demands the serious consideration of every thinking citizen. It reverences democratic simplicity and deplores the accumulation of wealth, while frankly admitting inability to assume the one or stop the other.

It looks upon intemperance and the tariff as very bad habits which common sense and time may amellorate, if not entirely overcome.

It has any number of ideas, not to be mentioned here, since they would lead further and further away from the definition of its chief aim, which is, in short, to be a newspaper above all ideas. In its humble way, and to the utmost of its humble means, THE CRITIC will try to give its readers the happenings of the world, in condensed form, from day to day, reserving most of its space for, and devoting the major part of its labor to, the affairs of Washington, which, after all, is at once its parent and its protege, the beginning and end of both its aim and ideas.

TO WASHINGTONIANS.

THE CRITI | believes the people of Washington I without question the most intelligent, democratic community in the wide world-will support a journal which labors to maintain independent views respecting all matters of public concern and strives at the same time to exclude the scandals of private life from its columns. Such will be the earnest effort so long as the present management holds the helm. Journalism has its preachers and doctrines, like every other presumptuous institution of life, and the theories as to how ouccess should be gained and extended are as various and confounding as the moods of the distinguished O'Rourke Reaghn. However, it confers but one reward upon failure, and that is the shroud of honest purposes.

There are two kinds of independence in medern journalism, the decisive and The one pursues the dight line; the other turns courses The one never hesitates to

remainder of its existence trying to the ground somewhere. The one is positive independence; the other negative. To be successful in negative independence it is necessary to say as little as possible about everything and to speak ill of no one who might have the power to retaliate. To be successful in positive independence the lines between right and wrong must be sharply and constantly drawn, and blows must be struck at men and things which the hurry and imperfect judgment of the moment may render false. Then it becomes the duty of positive independence to retract or make every reparation possible. A positively independent journal is often accused of being foolbardy; a negatively independent one is more likely to seem foolish. THE Unitic will be positively independent. This is its honest purpose. Every just grievance may call upon its columns for a hearing. Every good cause will have its enthusiastic support. Its opinions can neither be bought nor bullied. Its mistakes will be confessed the instant it sees them. It will lay no pretense to consistency, since consistency is only possible to unspeakable Nature. If the people of Washington do not care for this sort of journalism the pres-

GOOD-BY, LOUISIANA LOTTERY. THE CRITIC cannot boast the business. patronage of its contemporaries. It inherited from the Capital, however, a profitable advertisement, which they, in their wisdom, do not object to publishing. It is the advertisement of the Louisiana State Lottery, THE CHITIC rejects it, and to day returns to the honorable gentlemen who preside over the wheel at New Orleans the difference between the amount of their premature check for the month and what the Capital should receive for the twenty one insertions of Jannary up to date. THE CRITIC admits its inability to mark the distinct tion between the Louisiana Lottery and a public gambling den. It would not publish the advertisement of a gambler. It refuses to publish the advertisement of the Louisiana Lottery. Public lottery is a public vice Neither legislative franchise nor the good will of patrons can justify it. THE CRITIC is going to prove its position, too.

ent management of THE CRITIC will

soon go out of business.

THE FAIR AND THE PARTIES. Here is a hint of what would happen if Congress should locate the World's Fair in New York. The New York

Times of yesterday said: Should the State of New York now fall to secure from Congress the selection of the City of New York as the site of the World's Fair of 1892, it is perfectly evident that, so far as Washington will have anything to do with furnishing an explanation of the failure, it will attribute it to the interference and hostflity of the Republican party in the State of New York,

It is logical, then, to conclude that should Congress choose New York as the site the Democratic party in that State would claim a triumph.

Whichever way the matter is decided it is manifest that, so far as New York is concerned, partisan politics is going to be a consideration paramount to the real purpose of the great memorial fair. The more the people of this land consider the fact that 1892 will be a year of political hustling in New York; the more they contemplate the spectacle of true Americans holding solely in a lot of cheap politicians using this memorial for their petty ends, the more unsafe it will be for the present Congress to locate the fair in such an at-

CHICAGO'S CLAIMS.

What if Chicago is the big city of the Mississippi Valley and the centre of the country! What if it is ready to expend millions and build a tower higher than the Eiffel with a pile-driver! If the Government is to charter a World's Fair the seat of Government is the place for it. If the nation is to participate in an exhibition of its own making, its national, and not its geographical, centre, should contain it. No other country has quibbled over this expediency. England did not raise her Crystal Palace at Manchester; Austria did not erect her Rotande at Linz: France never for a moment thought of holding her exhibitions at Dijon. Yet all these cities might have advance!

pretenses similar to those of Chicago. Chicago's magnificent interest in the World's Fair is not patriotic; it is not national. It is speculative, entirely. It is the interest of business men, of rail road jobbers, of real estate brokers. It is not stimulated by pride half so much as by purse. Money, the pineal gland of Chicago greatness, is the beginning and end of her efforts in this, as in all projects. She is no more entitled to the World's Fair than she is to the National Museum, which, did she possess, she would charter to Kohl & Middleton for royalty.

THE SUNDAY LAW.

A bill "to prevent persons from being forced to labor on Sunday" is before the House Committee on the District of Columbia. It appears that ex-Attorney for the District Riddle made the discovery, alarming to some and astonishing to all, that the Federal District was without a Sunday law. The zeal of those worthy persons who believe that the morals and habits of a great people can be regulated by statute was aroused. and a determined effort is being made to secure the passage of a comprehensive and far-reaching act designed to prevent any secular labor or business in the District on Sunday, exceptworks of necessity or mercy." The bill provides punishment for both laborer or employer with equal Impar-

tiality. A proper and practical Sunday law s not objectionable, but the most effective Sunday laws are those which prevent the wild license of a mining camp on the one hand, and avoid the harsh and narrow restrictions of the Puritan

on the other. Thus while the store, the shop, the saloon and the factory should be closed on Sunday, the institutions of literature, science and art could be left open, to the discomfiture of few and the

There are thousands of men and women in Washington to whom these

their tasks from 9 o'clock in the morning convince everyone that it is resting on until 4 in the afternoon six days in the week. The institutions described are opened and closed at the same hours. Hence the Department clerks and employes have rare and scant opportunities to enjoy and profit by the stores with which the National Capital is

crowded. The employes of private firms and corporations work longer hours than those who toll for Uncle Sam, and, consequently, have yet less opportunity to visit these places. The Congress men and the heads of bureaux and Departments, employers generally, and the rich and the idle, can choose the time most convenient to themselves to make their visits. But to the industrious poor, men and women, such a time never comes. It is for them THE CRITIC pleads.

THE LASH IN POLITICS.

Whatever the Illinois factions may say or do, Senator Farwell is to be respected for having stood by his old friend. If any Republican in Illinois deserved the Marshalship it was Colonel Amos C. Babcock. Nor was it his association with Senator Farwell and Colonel Taylor in the Texas State House deal that swayed the Administration in the matter. A deeper policy of revenge, which is going to keep on striking at the Washington influence of Senator Farwell, though ever so subtly, was at the bottom of Colored Bahenek's defeat. The defection of '84 is not forgotten. Conferences and promises can never heal the wound it inflicted. The justice of the fight can never plead for it in the secret heart of the van

If there is one man in Illinois who should back Colonel Babcock and then resent his rejection as a party and a personal affront, that man is Senator Farwell.

quished

The two bave been intimate in business and politics the major part of their lives. Colonel Babcock began urging Mr. Farwell toward the seat he now occupies in the Capitol as early as the Davis campaign. Both his time and resources, since the days of Lincoln, have been given freely to insure Republican dominance in the State. He was chairman of the Central Committee in doubtful campaigns, which his liberality and energy alone made successful. He was never an office-holder, nor an office seeker. It was well-known that during the periods of his party influence he would not accept so much as a corporation favor or a railroad pass His defeat is a lesson of the party lash his punishment an object study in po litical slavery. Had he submitted to the betrayal of a certain member of the Garfield household and fallen humbly into line in the State Convention of '84, he would be in the crumbling Federal building of Clark street to-day, if he desired. For the sake of independent politics, it is too bad that Colonel Babcock has not the fire of twenty years ago. However, he conceals more lightning than any smallsized human dynamo in the West. Nor is Senator Farwell a mere con spirator of opera bouffe.

NAMING "THE CRITIC."

Gentle reader, did you ever name a newspaper? Probably you never flid, else you would not be a gentle reader. Naming a newspaper is a task that can knock more solid chunks of gentleness out of a man's system in a day than he can accumulate in a whole armful of years. It is botherson enough to name a baby, when gran'mas and gran'pas, sunts and uncles, open friends and secret as come treoping in, each with an ar ment against the name you have last set fed upon; but naming a baby is like basking in summer sunshine while naming a newspaper is like being caught out on the prairie late at night by a Dakota blizzard.

The new publishers of Tue Curric bave come out of the desperate struggle of naming this paper, but they have come out with tattered souls and lacerated inner consciousnesses. If they could lay their psychologic parts before you, sweet reader, you would think you were looking upon a man of a desolate island, which had transacting business with an enthusiastic

First, the publishers agreed that they did not like the name Capital for the evening edition, and, in their innocency, supposed that, having planked up their money for the institution, they were going to be able to name it to please themselves That's where the publishers aforesaid had innocency to spare. The wealthy and aristocratic printer came in and swooped down upon the poor but proud publishers, saying that the Typographical Union in tended to have something to say about that matter, and that what it had to say was to the effect that if the name of the evening edition was changed the name of the San day Capital would also have to be simtlarly changed or the publishers would be ent in two and served up as distinct parties of the second part. This ground the iron into the poor publishers' souls, but they realized that once the printers were poor themselves and that these greedy publishers had ground them down, so they the present publishers-said in their hearts that this is the natural result of all greed; that poor men ground down unreasonably will at last rise and take even more than justice for themselves. So the publishers smiled in a sickly sort of way and accepted as meekly and humbly as possible the situation prepared for them by the grasping publishers who used to grind

the poor printer. Very well, they said, we will call the papers the "Evening News" and the "Sun-

day Morning News,' "Naw you won't," shouted the newsboys; we ain't gwine ter learn no noo names ter

So the publishers gave the newsboys a chance to name the paper, and they did it. It is THE CRITIC. It may not be as good a paper as the old Critic or it may be better. That remeins for the great big world to de-

By the way, the publishers desire to add that if the great big world doesn't like the ame of THE CHITIC, some chap will probably come along and buy it up and change it again. But a few more changes of name now and then won't surprise this paper. It is used to them.

A PENNSYLVANIA MAN died the other day while pulling on his boots. We trust he was a good man and that he went upward. So many Pennsylvania men, in politics and out, have been trying to lift themselves by their bootstraps, it would be encouraging to know that one of them had at last suc

THE PHENCH AND ENGLISH people are in a state of expectancy over the prospec that Talleyrand's memoirs are at last to be esoteric mysteries. The published. It is believed they contain right

first leap it undertakes, and puts in the employes of the Government are kept at some startling exposures of State secrets, to be acquired by those who have a natural since Talleyrand, in bequeathing them, provided that they should not be published for at least thirty years after his death, and that then his executors should exercise their judgment as to whether they should be published or held for a longer

> Mrs. Cona Monus is being tried at Wenworth Court-House, N. C., on a charge of having chloroformed her husband. We did not know the late Mr. Morris personally. but we have seen some of the pletures of him published by the papers down that way. and we believe we could say on oath that if he looked like these it was a mercy to chloroform him and put him out of pain.

> EVERYBODY ought to be glad to learn that the thread combination has received a black eye. It has been one of the meanest institutions in this country, and its efforts at keeping up prices have been made mainly against poor sewing women, who, at best have a hard enough time to live, and to whom every penny seems as big as a two mile race con

> WE SPEAK of a dull fellow as one who probably never will set a river afire. stupid English sailor did set the Wear River afire the other day. A cargo of oil had been spilled on the water and he threw a lighted match overboard. The conflagration burned many ships and valuable property along the shores.

CRICAGO is immensely pleased over the fact that the tailors held their convention there. Perhaps the tailors were duly considerate in their choice, but up to the last reports no evidence had been presented to the World's Fair Committee tending to prove that Chicago had anything to dress but hoge.

MR. BRECKINRIDGE must feel that he has gone a long way from home to promote the spiritual welfare of humanity. Yet on second thought there has been no evidence tending to show that Kentucky moonshiners do not observe the Sabbath with closed doors.

SINCE SENATOR INGALLS declined to give up any of his secret thoughts about certain tatesmen last Friday, a question has arisen among local scientists as to the probably beneficial influence of influenza bacilli on intellectual billousness.

A WRITER FOR THE Nincteenth Century says the Shah of Persia is quick to note an amusing incident and laughs heartily had with Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan over here!

MISS NELLIE BLY says: "Never having failed, I could not picture what failure meant." It is pleasing to note that Nellie, in her extensive travels abroad, did not lose any of her charming American modesty.

WHATEVER MAY HE said by Senator In galls' critics, they must admit that in his effort of Friday he behaved like a gentleman toward the honorable other side. Sen atorial amenities are inflating this session

Now THAT Patti has denied that she ever said the Mexicans were savages, perhaps the Mexican editors will cease to act like savages toward her.

ODDS AND ENDS OF FACT. A London curiosity is a full-grown deer

mly a foot in length. It is of a species known as Stanley's Cheerotain. An old oaken table which used to stand n Shakespeare's house has just been found and added to the museum at the immortal

William's birthplace. Haworth Church, where the Bronte sisers lie buried, has been so much "improved" that, as I., B. Walford writes, 'nearly every vestige of interest or ro mance has been improved off the face of it." About all that is left is a window bearing the inscription; "In pleasant mem-

ory of Charlotte Bronte," put up by-who? -"an American," it says. The Vattony has the most of penmen in the world. It is composed of priests and monks, who spend most of their leisure in practicing fancy tracings and new forms of letters. No crasure is ever permitted on a page issued by the Pope. If an error is made, even in the placing of

comma, the whole must be rewritten. There is a man in New York who makes a comfortable living by going about with a which broom and bag, gathering up oats that horses scatter about their noon-eating places in the streets.

M. Fournier, a well-known leader of the claque in Paris, is dead. He left an estate worth \$200,000, which he earned by directng the applause at several theaters. He and a few other claquers had a monopoly of the business for years. The leader of the daque does not do the work himself; he hands it over to a head clerk. He treats directly with the directors of the theatre, who give him the appointment of leader of he claque for a sum generally amounting to about \$4,000 a year. In return the theatrical manager gives him \$4,000 worth of lickets a year with a reduction of fifty per ent, on the price at the ticket office. He also buys from the authors the tickets to which they are entitled.

A DEAR OLD STORY.

It is characteristic of some good-natured men always to agree with those with whom they converse. It is with them a point of politeness never to differ, which sort o politeness is certainly a very amiable kind We have a capital instance of the value of this policy in the sensible speech the man who, during one of the Belfast riots, was asked by a mob what his religion was. He didn't know whether his interrogators were Protestants or Catholics, but he looked at their weapons, their bludgeous and their drearms, surveyed all carefully, and answered: "Gentlemen, I am of the same opinion as that gentleman there with the big axe."-Chambers' Journal.

QUEER CUSTOMS IN CHICAGO, We called attention yesterday to the Chiago custom of wearing a sache containing myrrh, carbolic seid and cologne. the Inter-Ocean we hear of another interesting Chicago practice, to wit, putting half a teaspoonful of sulphur in each stock ing every morning. There is a trumpet-like ote in the Inter-Ocean's brief command: "Put Sulphur in Your Socke!" Chicago is victinity getting ready to put herself in quarantine. - New York Sun

WHY HE IS A SENATOR-ELECT. "I operate gold and silver mines in Montans, Idaho, Utah and Arizona. I operate copper mines in Montana and lead mines in Arizona. I own a gold mill and a silver

mill at Butte. I run a bank at Butte and own a newspape; in the same city."-Inter view With Mr. Clark of Montana. A BIT OF TACT. Upon the conclusion of a marriage in a illage church the bridegroom signed his register with his x mark. The pretty young bride did the same; and then, turning to a young rady who had known her as the best

cholar in the school, whispered to her,

while love and admiration shone in her eyes.

Ho is a dear fellow, miss, but he cannot He is going to learn from me, and ot shame him for the world. To suble to eay the right thing at the oment is a great art, and only

talent that way. When a careless talker, who was criticising a young lady's father severely, paused a moment to say, "I hope be is no relation of yours, Miss B.," quilth as thought she replied, with the utmost nonchalance: "Only a connection of mother's by marriage."- Chambers' Journal.

SENSATIONAL LITERATURE.

A writer in the Fortnightly Review makes the following defense of the cheap sensational literature which is read in England. He says: No doubt sensational novels are, as a rule, very poor stuff, especially those which are known in the publishing trade as shilling shockers," But however crude in style and loose in grammar they may be, they are generally quite harmless, and they meet the needs of a large number of people for whom it is unquestionably better to read exciting stories than to do what they would be doing if they were not reading. find that no fewer than 346,000 copies of 'The Mystery of a Hansom Cab' have been sold in this country in the course of the last eighteen months, and 147,000 copies of 'Madame Mides," another book of the same class and by the same author, in twelvementh; and the company which publishes them has, in the course of one year and a quarter, sold nearly 600;090 of these and other similar books.

Scarcely less remarkable are the statistics made public not long since at Bristol, from which it appears that some 350,000 copies of "Called Back" have been sold and that upward of a million shilling volumes of the kind have been issued during the last four or five years. When we reflect that the pop ulation of the United Kingdom is not muc more than 33,000,000, the proportion of readers represented by the figures I have given is sufficiently astonishing. And, there fore, because it interests the people, who, for reasons already discussed, have no taste for choicer fare, and because it has at leas some claim to our gratitude in so far as i has displaced low-class periodicals, I am disposed, so long as I am not required to read it, to support the "shilling shocker," which is certainly to be preferred to the 'penny dreadful."

A FEW INSIDE FACTS.

Tom Ochiltree says very few of the smart things that are credited to him. Most of them are laid to him by bright newspaper writers who conceive them. Tom sincerely objects to being called a liar in print. He says that if anybody should call him one to What fun his majesty would have his face he would knock him down. Above all things else he resents being classed with Eli Perkins and that ilk.

> Colonel Denan-whose first name is no Pat, but Peter-has an office with Uncle Rufus Hatch in New York. He says Uncl. Rufus is as young in spirit and almost as nimble in action as ever. Two weeks ago Colonel Peter was invited to one of the swellest receptions ever given in Baltimore His invitation bore the words: "The only man invited."

> Phoeion Howard, the ancient correspond ent, writes from Illinois saying that Genera Dick Oglesby certainly has the Senatorial bee in his bonnet.

Walt Whitman is convinced that the surest way to reach very old age is to "take things easy, rest a good deal and

Several members of Congress have said that they will institute suit against the Government for collection of their salaries with which Silcott ran away.

MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW

That the word "idiot" originally mean nly a private person, or one who was not gaged in public business; then it came to e applied to an outsider, one who was ill formed on and indifferent to State affairs and lastly, to the most hopeless of all the mentally afflicted.

That the word "villain" at first meant That the word "knave" in its origin signified a young man, and on the German

court cards is merely the page or knight at tending the King or Queen. That the words "pagan" and "heather come from words signifying a countryman because it was in the rural districts that the worship of the ancient deities was longest

continued. That the word "rivals" once meant neighbors who lived on the banks of river.

That the word "simpleton" was originally applied to persons of honest candorstraightforward and simple, as opposed to duplicity of character.

That Chancer and Wyeliffe used to write devoutly of "the silly babe of Bethlehem. That the word "brat," which is now low word of contempt, was once used in sacred verse-"Ob, Abraham's brats; oh broods of blessed seeds!"

TWO KINDS OF MEN Count d'Eu-As for myself. I am read return to Brazil and take possession

the throne in the name of Isabelia. Dom Pedro-No matter whether as Er peror, President or private citizen, I would gladly return to die among my people.

A DIRE MISUNDERSTANDING.

Tommy Toddler-Mr. Getful, won't you let me take a ride in your wagon? Mr. Getful-My wagon, Tommy? Why, don't own a wagon. What made you think I did? Why, pop told marm you had a nawful

FASHION NOTES. The latest thing in bats is a dude's head on he morning after he sits up with a sick

big load on yesterday.

bills come in.

Checks are fashionable with young ladies They are preferred when they have papa's signature on the bny us. Ladies' jackets are made of green billiard

eloth. The belt worn with these jackets is covered with sharp buckles and is called the balk line." Suede Monaguelaires are much worn in the norning. Swede washerwomen are consid erably worn in the evening about 6 o clock. Green isstill the favorite color with Paris ian dress makers. Blue is the color most popular with the old gentlemen when the

It is no longer considered em wear parti-colored patches on the knoes of one's trousers. The patches should be of red finnel picked out with old-gold floss

AMOR VINCIT OMNIA. "I claim you still, for my own love's sake."

— Ecolyn Hope) R. BROWNING.

I sometimes 'hink, beloved, had we not met.
You might have had a fuller life: and yet.
It is not given to us, dear, to forget.

I cannot put away from out my life. He one sustaining comfort. Ah, the strife is hard and bitter, darling, and the knife. That wounds us both was forged by my ow band.

Before you, dear one, I must ever stand, Knowing that only death can break the band And yet, oh, best beloved, far better so Than free, to pass through life but still to That one stood nearer you. Ab, that were

Such pain is spared me. Though we dwel your love has almost healed the bitter smart; We stant so close together, heart to heart — The Academy. P. P. MEN OF MERIT.

Eugene Field is reveling in the traditional life of the London poet and philosopher, without the misuries which belonged to the days of Johnson and Goldsmith, From choice, rather than necessity, he has settled down in two rooms. Palatial as these might have seemed to past generations of literary strugglers, they are Quakerish in comparison with the idealistic abodes of modern geniuses. They are to Alfred Place, a little by-way of Bedford Square, just quiet enough to be a paradise for hand-organs, which Field abhors for the noises they make but gives pennies to for their intention to make the world brighter. It is to the bowling discords of these ambulant operas that he is composing his "John Smith" and other patriotic gems. Though he went to England with dys

pepsia, he has suffered most from home sickness. The former complaint ran savage course until he quit smoking a box of eigars a day, took to chewing gum and found himself deprived of his favorite vices -Dock Reilly and mince pie. No American eats minee ple in England, because mince pie doesn't grow there, and Dock Re'lly lives away off in Chicago. What the Londoner calls mince ple is underdone plum duff with an upper and lower grease cake for crust. These changes of habit, together with the bracing fogs and the diversions of society, have well-nigh restored Field's health. The nostalgia which troubles him is aggravated by the absence of his three little boys and daughter in Germany, where they are being educated. From all accounts, the boys will not, in their career at Hano ver, accentuate by want of subtlety and merry mischief-making the fame their father made among the guileless professors of the Missouri Valley.

Field's chief occupation is paying and avoiding calls. His wit and delightful mimieries are the surprise of the London drawing-rooms. Nothing else displeases him so much as to be posed for an entertainer, and just as certain as fate he will be reveneed for the sacrifices he is making in a series of descriptive studies of English evening and literary life that will make Dickens' "American Notes" wish they had never been born.

Not long ago he was the lion of a meet at the home of Andrew Lang. His patience had been severely tried for weeks previously by the questions of intellectual Britishers as to the barbarism of the West, and more than once he had been made to feel that he was a fair representative of that spot of the universe which is producing the missing Hnk. A rational chat he was enjoying with Mrs. Humphrey Ward was interrupted by the wife of a distinguished jurist of the

"Ab," said she, "I diJn't know till this moment, Mr. Field, that you are fromfrom-

"Chicago," he kindly suggested. "Dear me, yes, Chicago. And you don't suffer for the comforts and pleasures of civilization away off there?"

"Not at all, I assure you. The fact is, madem, I'm not accustomed to them. It is only ten years since I lived in a tree. In an hour or so, after considering the natter, she returned and beamingly confided to him that his last remark was very

funny. There is considerable curio-ity among the followers, in the telegraph columns of the daily press, of Mr. Stanley's fortunes, to know something more definite about the New York Herald correspondent who went out to him in the desert with the loaves and fishes-and the wine which that humble traveler never drinks. That he is a queer fellow may be presumed by those who are familiar with Mr. Bennett's genius for selection; that he is wanting in the higher faculties of the American newsgatherer was made apparent in the extremely sharp rebuke Mr. Stanley administered in his letter written to the public only after the explorer concluded that the man who met him in the name of a journalist didn't know what he wanted to know. The fact is that Vizitelly was an accidental hoice. In the early spring of tast year, before the Herald had published Stanley's letter from the interior, Mr. Bennett, who is simply magnificent in his humors, made up his mind to have a little fun with the man Stevens, whom the Warld, in one of its fits of Punch-and-Judy enterprise, had sent to rescue Stanley and Emin Pashsand to break up the slave trade-with \$5,000 and a bicycle. Mr. Bennett, be it known

detests Mr. Pulitzer more cordially than Mr. Pulitzer likes himself. He contemplated hurrying an expedition across the country by way of Khartoum, but, in the absence of precise information as to Stanley's plans, abandoned the idea and decided to scout Stevens' trail instead, until such time as he could see his way clear to carrying out some project of relief operated from Zanzibar. Indifference to danger, great power of endurance, knowledge of the co and its inhabitants, were needed for this mission more than newsgathering methods or intellectual dash. While Mr. Bennet

It is told in London that Vizitelly was received on Mr. Bennett's yacht in the Medi terranean; that the anchorage was infested with sharks; that upon arising the very first morning at sunrise he deliber ately stripped off and dived into the ses, despite the warnings of the crew, and that, upon clambering back upon the deck unharmed, Mr. Bennett exclaimed with great delight: "This is the very man I have been looking for." Heroic as it is however, the tale is not precisely true. It is one of many of the kind which have glo rifled Vizitelly-stories with which Mr

was casting about for the man his mind's

eye had conceived, Vizitelly was suggested.

Bennett was doubtless familiar. Vizitelly had the record of the scapegrace, the prodigal, the daredevil. He is a son of the London publisher, a brother of the artist war correspondent of the London News, and has a talented sister. Though be shared the renown of his family, he enjoyed few of its honors. He had survived the most desperate adventures in Northern and hastern Africa, without profiting in the way of either fame or fortune Equipped for the softer side of evening life in London by education and attainments, he preferred the boisterous hours of the supper clubs. His tastes were savage; his inclination was to live forever in the same clothes. He was an athlete, a sharpshooter, a linguist, and, in times gone by, would have been a buccaneer. Mr. Bennett realized at once that, for the delicate task of barassing Stevens in the wilds of Africa, it would be difficult to find a bette man than Vizitelly, and so instructed him to report at Nice as soon as the train de have could bring him from London. While crossing the Mediterranean in Mr. Bennett's yacht, Vizitelly asked for an effective pecket weapon, and Mr. Bennett pre sented him one of'a beautifully-mounted pair of pistols. The parting gives one a good idea of the man's peculiar fitness for the job in hand. When the small boat was got ready to drop Vizitelly on the African shore, Mr. Bennett ordered the steward to fetch the young man's baggage. "Buggage," echoed he, "Why, I have

no-Oh, yes, Pd nearly forgotten My gun, steward; you will find I in the berth." Thus his entire accou trement for the trip was an ivory bundled, tilver-mounted six-shooter, Shortly afterward, Stevens was rendered belpless by fever, leaving Vizitelly at Zanzibar with ont aw occupation. Two or three times Mr. Bennett came within an ace of detailing

some one else for the Stanley meeting, but luck favored Vigitelly from first to last Nor did it desert him while the journalists of the two continents were smiling over Stanley's sarcasm, for Mr. Bennett gave him a \$10,000 present. Mr. Grund, the Berlin correspondent of the Herald, for interviewing Herbert Bismarck on a copy the Stanley cable, which Mr. Bennett wired to the German Government before publishing it, received \$1,000. It is by these princely sets-by never falling to show instant, and material appreciation for the earnest work of his lieutenants-that Mr. Bennett i made to suffer more from ingratitude than any man of his day. Few among those in journalism who have enjoyed his confidence and rewards-and the men he has made or belved are legion-can admire his frankness or forgive his generosity. When Mr. Bennett has passed away, and all the evidence is in, people will marvel at his great-

ness, as well as his goodness.

John Russell Young is expected to return from Paris one of these fine days. Although he has been annoyed of late with rheumatism bis bealth is generally good. After resigning his post on the London Herold be spent a brief season at Carlabad, and then assumed editorial charge of the Paris Herald. It is a violation of fidence to say that he is growing tired of travel, and will soon settle down, probably in New York, to begin the serious work for which he is so splendidly equipped. What with his knowledge of men, governments, countries, history, politics, society and morals, any subject he might enter upon would be sure to take from his philosophic pen a guarantee of life. If he had less consideration for the sensibilities of the living and that mock respect the moderns are paying the injultous dead, he would be the Tac tus for whose appearance on the scene of public affairs Senator Hoar so vainly sights.

Colonel Henry Altman, just returned from Laredo, Texas, tells that ex-Governor Hunt of Colorado has recovered his lands down there. This is gratifying news. Both Altman and Hunt are two examples of the perverse meanness of the Fates. Yet to see them in the autumn of their age, after life had proved a denial of their desserts, smiling with hope, confidence and goodwill over a mug of ale in the Morton House, one would think them the luckiest of men. Intelligent, vigorous, full of pluck and tenseity, both became pioneers in Colorado and carved all over the mountains and plains of that State the heiroglyphics of their enterprises.

Colonel Altman helped to shape the legislation of Colorado; to lay out some of its present cities; to cut roads into inaccessible parts; to find and develop mines and to advertise to the world the resources he saw on every hand. A man of marvelous activity, exquisitely nervous, yet powerful. his health resisted every trial of endurance and exposure only to bequeath little more than the memories of his past efforts to his declining years.

Without Governor Huut, General Palmer and the Rio Grande would have been impossible. It was Hunt who conceived the project of taking narrow-gauge tracks across the seemingly unbridgeable chasma and snow-covered passes of the Rockles. It was he who executed the work and who gave to the State in a few years a system of railroads that will remain the marvel of a generation. It was Hunt who developed the substantial resources, the coal and iron deposits. He was the modest force in the background which urged State legislation on one hand and stock promoters on the other, to contribute, while inspired by varying motives, to the prosperity he foresaw, to the prosperity the State is now en joying, giving him never a thought, while be is an exile in Texas fighting for the last of his own. It was Governor Hunt, by the way, who years ago proposed the oceanic mail subsidy scheme for the development of commercial and naval strength which

the Republican party is now agitating. Colonel Altman is interested with Colonel Hunt in the Laredo property. Those who should know its extent and richness say it will make them wealthy. stroke of fortune would not change their simple, gerial ways, however. About twice or thrice every year, if you could know the time and look into one of the remote spots of the Morton, you would still see two distinguished looking, bright-visaged men, gray but lively, building castles in Spain over mugs of ale. If you could win from them the tales of their lives you would re alize the vanity of romance.

PROVING THE RIGHTS OF MAN. He had carried my satchel down to the depot from the hotel at Birmingham, Ala., and, still carrying it in his hand, he strolled about and got in the way of a baggage truck being pushed by another colored man. The latter came to a stop and indig-

nantly demanded: 'Yo' pusson, dar-what yo' doin'?" "Who's a pusson, sah?"

"Yo' is!" Be a leetle keerful, sah! I haiv't do: sed to bein' 'dressed in dat sort o' way!' "Shoo! Do yo' know who I is?"

"An' do vo' know who I is?" "I represents de baggage department of

dis yere railroad, san!" "Hu! An' I represents de public what s rich 'nuff to hev any baggage to travel wid, sah! Boy, doan' yo' go an' make any mistake! If ya' do dar'il be a mighty skeereity o' baggage in yo' baggage de partment,"-New York Sun.

A GYPSY WEDDING.

The ceremony is as solemn as could be lesired. The parents of both bride and bridegroom bring the young people before the chief, who addresses them in bombastic phrases of traditional wording, reminding them of the duties of married life; where upon an earthen vessel is amashed to pieces and a great libation, in which brandy is the principal beverage, fluishes the festival. After this ceremony the young people, of whom the bridegroom is seldom older than 15 and the bride 12, are considered duly married .- London Standard.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING PAYS. "Nobody has tried more different kinds of advertising than we have," said Mr. Chambers of the firm of Rogers, Peet & Co. a few days ago, "or tried the different kinds more thoroughly, but we have settled down now to regular newspaper advertising, and believe that, for a permanent busiess, that alone pays."-New York Sun.

Boker's Greatest Poem. Written for General Phil. Kearney. Close his eyes; his work is done! What to him is friend or foeman, Rise of moon or set of sun. Hand of man or kiss of woman ! Lay him low, lay him low. In the clover or the snow! What cares he! He cannot know Lay him low

As man may, he fought his not,t. oved his truth by his endeavor; Let him sleep in solemn night, ever and forever I sy him low, lay him low. In the clover or the snow! What cares he? He caunof know; Lay him low,

Fold him in his country's stars Holl the from and fire the voltey had to bincare all our wara hat but death bemocking folly Lay him low, lay him low, In the clover or the enow? What cares he? He cannot know; Lay him low,

THE GROWLER.

I am a good deal rushed-growlers are apt to be, you know-but I will take time to say that I am glad I live in this world. If I had been born into a world that was just right-well, I might better never have been born at all. For I should be perfectly miserable it there were nothing to growl at. Folks say I'm a mean old skeezix (is that the way you spell it ?), and that I am never happy. That's all folks know about it. I am slways happy, except when everything is going all right; and that isn't very often

I like reformers those professional re-

formers who go about poking their nos

into other people's affairs and snooping ou the weaknesses of their fellows. These re formers are meat for me. They rake up al sorts of things for me to growl at, and the when they are not doing that they are do ing something that warrants me in growlin at them. Only yesterday one of themreformer of national importance, who name is-no, I won't name him-I would name him and pitch into him like sixty if he weren' so important and so rich and all that-if h were only a poor, obscure fellow wh couldn't kick back, a chap who had been oppressed by misfortune and crushed down to despair, I would hop upon him with both feet, perhaps with all fours—but, as I was saying, only yesterday this reform was walking down the Avenue carrying hi big cane under bis arm and jabbing it int the face of everybody who got in the waymaking a public catastrophe of himself of be went rushing along, looking for some thing to reform.

I like these hand-organs that our visiting brethren drag around on wheels. They make me so delightfully miserable. I was growling about them the other day to a friend-no, an acquaintance; I have no friends-and he said I didn't know good music when I heard it. That's it, that's exactly it. I don't know good music when I hear it; I know it only when I don't hear What's the use of knowing good music when you hear it? You might as well know good health or good weather when you have it. Why, bless me, when I am perfeetly well I never think of my health, and when the weather is exactly right I don't know it; don't pay any attention to it, That is why I say I am glad to live in this world, where there is so much to complain, about and grunt over. I am in no harry to reach Nirvana, that place where everythin is exactly as it should be and everybody is a state of unconsciousness of it. I want to I about among folks who are alive and kicking, and I want to do my share of the living and-kicking.

That brings me to what I am driving at. I don't want to be greedy about this matter. I don't care to do all the growling. I wish everybody who is miserable about anything would give me a lift. I should be happy to hear from all sorts of readers of the CRITIC (don't you think that is a better name than the "Capital?" If you don't why, you can kick about that if you like)from everybody who has a reason for finding fault with things as they are. I should be glad to receive two or three hundred kickatory letters every day in the week, and if I do maybe I'll point 'em. Don't tire vourselves out at it. That is to say, don't attempt to kick everything over at one prolonged crack. Just give a quick, sharp kick and have it over with, so that the rest of us can have a chance, and we may make life worth living all round. At any rate, we growlers ought to stand by each other.

DEPARTMENT GRIEVANCES.

All reasonable complaints and criticisms from Government employes will be published in this column. Name and address of writer are required, not for publication, but us an carnest of good faith.

HOW ABOUT THESE CINCULARS

Editor Critic: Have you ever seen or taken any particular notice of those hybrid circulars which every or any cierk in the before a notary public in case he or she has been absent on account of illness? Be-fore drawing salary on the following pay day he or she is compelled to sweer

toxicating liquors or other improper con-duct." This is a relic of the immertal You-mans: Shades of the gods!!! That any American young lady should be absolute compelled to undergo such a humilfation But such is the fact. Now, why cannot the Treasury Department place as much honor and dependence on its clerks as any of the other Departme where such circulars are unknown? Ho

duct."

not the Treasury Department got every safe-guard imaginable to prevent such excesses or is the standard of morality so low there that they are compelled to resort to this m American system? The heads of the various bureaux in that Department can remain absent 854 days in the year, and yet can draw their full salaries intact without being required even to furnish a physician's certificate. Now, in Gevery

ment service why should the line be drawn between the chief of division and the clerk! Is it because the chief gets all the pay and the clerk does all the work!

Washington, January 25.

E. F. G. MR. WANANAKER INTERPERING.

Editor Critic: There is a popular and not anwarranted opinion among the clerks in the Sixth Auditor's Office that Mr. Windom, what with his natural administrative ability and past experience, is quite able to manage the affairs of his Department in a statesmanlike manner, without any suggestion from Postmaster-General Wana maker. The dry-goods and-general-Yankeenotion plan may suit the Postoffice, but it is a little efficious, to say the least, in the Post master-General to attempt to encroach on the domain of the Secretary of the Treasury. There are abundant manifest reasons for the behind-hand condition of work in the Sixth Auditor's Office without saddling it upon a few sick women, or even upon the "shirking" of a small number of lazy or dis-honest clerks. The present Administration found the work in a terribly disordered and crowded condition. Democratic economy falled to provide requisite additional olerks. There has been but a small addition to the force in four years, while the postoffices have been increased by tens of thousands. It is probable that the entire time lost by sick leaves in the office would not amount to the time of two cierks, while forty clerks would not be too much to bring up the work to its proper condition. It is a mean and parsi-monious economy that would panish the weak and infine for the maladministration of legislators and officials. CLERK.

Washington, January 21. A MOMENTOUS EVENT. Editor Critics One of the amusing phases of Department life to those who are familiar with the subject is the fuss made over the appointment of an assistant secretary, chief of bureau or other prominent official. Toread the published announcements concern ing the appointments on such occasions on would suppose that a momentous event had transpired. As a matter of fact, the busin of the Department or bureau would in most cases go on just as well without the presence of the great men who sign papers without reading them, and who, in many instances would not comprehend their meaning even if they did read them. This thing is well

enough understood among the old political bosses who "billet" their friends in these There is no canger to the public interests from this practice, as no important public measure was ever known to originate with the heads of bureaux, which change frequently. It must not be supposed. Mowever, that there officials do nothing. Most of them delight in the proparation of rules for the government of their clerks and the inaugura-tion of a system of rigid discipline for mes-sengers and laborers. A stencil-plate or rubber stamp would answer as well as the average ohief.

Washington, January 24.